

son &
appear

Doo for soþ h euermoze in our eternall see
The goddes haue in houre presence
Fully deuyled through theyc dexte
And hooly concluded by hit Influence
That by theyr myght and Juste prudence
The loue of hym by grace and eke fortuue
Withoute chaunge shall euermoze contyne

Of whiche graunte the Temple enuyron
Through hye comfort of them y^e were present
A none was gone with a melodious song
In name of tho that trouth in loue ment
A balade newe in full goode entent
Cofore the goddes with notes loude and clere
Syngynge right this anone as ye shall here

Fayrest of sterres that with our perault lyght
And with the cherlynge of your stem is clere
Caulen in loue herres to be lyght
by Syngynge of your glad spere
and prayee O venus lady dere
amie that haue without synne
unforuned his lady for to wynne

anete O esperus so bryght
wofnl herres can anewe and stere

O myghty goddesse day sterre after nyght
Gladdynge the morowe whan ye doo appere
To voyde derknes by freshnes of your syght
Only with twynklyng of your plesant cheare
To you we thanke louers that ben here
That ye this man and never for to twynne
Fortuned haue his lady for to wynne

And with the noyse and heuenly melodye
With that they made in her ermonye
Throughe oute the temple for this mans sake
Out of my slepe alone I dyd awake
And for astonyed knewe as tho no rede
For soden chaunge oppresled with drede
My thought was cast in a trannce
So clene away was tho my remembraunce
Of all my dreme wherof grete thought and wo
I had in herte and nyste what was to do
For heurnes for that I had lost the syght
Of her that I all the longe nyght
Had declimed of in myn aduylyon
Wherof I made grete lamentacyon
By cause I had never in my lyfe besyng
Saw one so fayrer lyth I was boorne
For loue of whom soo I can endyte
I porpose here to make and wryte

And therwith all as I myn eyen caste
To perceyue the maner of these tweyne
Tofore the goddes mekely as they passe
Me thought I salwe with a golden cheyne
Venus anone embrase and constraine
Her both hertes in one for to perseuer
Whyles that they lyue and never to diskuere

Syenge right thus with a benyngre chere
Sith it is so ye be vnder my myght
My wyll is thus that ye my doughter dere
Full accept this man as it is right
Unto your grace anone here in my syght
That euer hath ben so lowly you to letue
It is goode skyll your thanke that he deserue

your honour lauf and also your womanhede
Hym to cherysshe it sytet you right welle
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede
Amyd my cheyne that forged is of steele
ye must of mercy shape that he fele
you som graccdf his longe seruyse
nd that in hast lyte as I shall dcuyse

This is to say that ye take heede
How he to you oft faythfull it and true
Of all your seruautes & no thynges for his mede

wherfore ye must o; els it were wronge
Unto your grace fully hym recyue
In my presence by cause he hath so longe
Hooly ben yours as ye may conceyue
That from your metty pf ye hym weyue
I wyl my selfe recorde cruelte
In your persone and grete lacke of pyte

Lete hym for his trouth synde thanne agayn
for longe servysc gverdon hym whith grace
Ind late your pyce weye doun his payn
o; tyme is now daunger to arace
Dute of your hert and mercy in to space
Ind loue for loue wolde welle besime
To yue agayne and this I playnly deme

nd as for hym I wyll be his borowhe
I loylyhede and besy attendaunce
ow! c shall be bothe eue and morowhe
Ill diligent to doon his obliuauance
Id en a waytyng you to pleyfaunce
wchst at my sonne lysten and take hede
illy to obeye as I shall the reude

Id fyre of all my wyll is that thou be
þt, in hert and constant as a wall
u, humble, meke and therwith all secre
þnous shalpore haire to make and myn

An furthemoore haue in reuerence
These wyllyen all for thy ladye sake
And suffre never that men hem doo offence
For loue of one but euermore vnderstake
Hein to defende whether they slepe or wake
And ay be redy to holden them partye
Ayenst all tho that to hem haue enuye

We curteys ay and lordly of thy speche
To ryche and pouer ay fresshe and well beseyne
And cuer besy mayes for to seche
All true louers to releas of their payne
Syt thou art one of noo wight haue disdayne
For loue hath powrer herles for to daunte
And never for cherysynge the to moche auaunte

We lusty cke boyd of all tryfesse
And take no thought but cuer be Iocounde
And not to pensys for none hewynes
By gladnes lett sadnes ay be fownd
Chethere myrh mosse habounde
Re ih and though thou sele smert
Any knowe of thyn hert
nes besely thou sue

And whether thou be absent or in presence
None other's beaute let in thy herte myne
Sith I haue yeue her of beaute excellencie
Aboue all other-in vertue so to thyne
And thynke howe in fyre men ar wont to fyne
This pured gold to put hit in assay
Soo to the prove thou art put in delaye

But tyme shall comethou shalt for thy suffraunce
Be well apayde and take for thy mede
Thy lyucs ioye and all thy suffysaunce
Soo that good hope alwaye the drydell lede
Lete noo dispayr hyndre the wiche drede
But ay thy trust upon her mercy grounde
Sith none but she may thy sorowes sounde

C. hechoute and tyme/wike and yere
Be lyke saythfull and waryc nat for lyte
A. yde a whyle and thenne of thy desyre
The tyme neygheth, that shall the man
And icte noo so wike in thy herte d.
For noo differyng lyth thou for th.
Shal reioyse in pees the flour of wo.

Thynke how she is this worldes son

So full of hertue and so gracyous
Woman, edc and mercyfull pyte
this sympyle treatysse for to take in gre
Tyll I haue leyset vnto her hye renounz
for to exposone my soysayd blysoutis
And tell in playne the sygnyfyaunce
As it cometh to my remembraunce
So that here after my ladye may it loke
Howe godly waye thou lytill rude boke
To hit presence as I the commaunde
And fyrst of alle thou me recomaunde
Unto hit and to hit excellencie
And praye to hit it be none offence
If any word in the be myssayd
Betchyng her she be not euyll apayyd
For as hit lyt I wyll the eft correcte
vhan that hit lyketh agaynwarde the dycte
I mene that benyngne and goodly of face
How goo thy waye and put the in her gracie

the Temple of glas.

yby. Rycharde Pynson



Richard pynson

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